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04x09 - Have Some ba*ls

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **06/25/04 21:26**

[It's tough work being a superhero. Like any other job, there are good days and there are bad days. And then there are the really, really bad days. Brian is having one of those

right now. Vic the Evil Scientist has him strapped to a table with a giant raygun aimed right at his crotch. Vic is laughing demonically.]

Vic: Isn't this fun?

Brian: Maybe for you but that's because you're a sadistic sh*t!

Vic: Who, me?

Brian: I'll never tell you where the jewels are!

Vic: Make that jew-el! Who knows? If you're lucky, you might even get a few more good years. Like me!

[He blasts the rays. Brian screams in agony. What's worse, the nightmare or the reality? Brian is lying on an examining table wearing one of those horrible blue hospital gowns. Evil Uncle Vic has been replaced by a nurse. The ray g*n has been replaced by a radiation machine.]

Nurse: Mr.Kinney? Mr.Kinney! That's it for today. We'll see you again tomorrow. (She helps Brian up to a sitting position). And I should warn you. You'll feel fine for the next few hours but you're gonna hit a wall around noon. Nausea, pain, fatigue. They're all normal side effects. In fact, I would suggest that for the next few days, you just stay home. Take it easy. Don't go to work.

Brian: Thank you, nurse! That's excellent advice!

[Which he has no intention of following.]

[Hunter has found something more interesting to read than Catcher in the f*cking Rye: a California guidebook.]

Hunter: First thing we do when we get to Hollywood is go to Universal Studios. The rides sound awesome. And then we do the Graveline Tour. It takes you to all the places where stars have been m*rder*d! And then-

Michael: And then we go to Grauman's Chinese Theatre and we steal John Wayne's footprints.

[Hunter looks at him blankly.]

Michael: Lucy? I Love Lucy? Going to Hollywood and - never mind. Could you save me some cereal?

Ben: Aren't you being a bit premature?

Hunter: Why? We're going, aren't we? You said Brett told you it was a done deal.

Michael: That's Mr. Keller to you and nothing's a done deal until it's done.

Ben: I'm done.

[He grabs his jacket.]

Michael: So, busy day?

Ben: Oh, classes, research at the library, student advisory meetings. I'm also supposed to hear from Greenpoint Press.

Michael: They interested in your novel?

Ben: Mmm - let's just say the editor seemed receptive, which at least is better than another rejection. Keep your fingers crossed.

[He's out the door.]

Hunter: He should try to eat some grain in the morning instead of those crappy shakes. He'd be a lot happier. Not to mention regular.

Michael: I think it's gonna take more than a bowl of bran. And you could try and be a little more sensitive.

Hunter: Huh?

Michael: "Huh?" Ben is going through a tough time right now. I'm sure all this talk isn't making it any easier. So from now on, let's try not to use the word Hollywood in a sentence.

[Brian gets a little surprise when he arrives at Kinnetik: Justin is there waiting for him.]

Brian: What the f*ck are you doing here?

Justin: I'm waiting for you. You won't answer the door, you won't return my calls -

Brian: Well, that should be a hint!

Justin: Why won't you see me?

Brian: Cynthia! Cynthia!

[Cynthia comes running in.]

Cynthia: Jesus, Brian, what's going on?

Justin: You can't just kick me out.

Brian: Watch me. (To Cynthia) I don't want his calls, I don't want him in this office and if he comes near

me I want a restraining order. Got it?

[Cynthia just stares at him like he's gone insane.]

Brian: And if some as*h*le named Vic Grassi calls from Hell, you can tell him I'm in a meeting.

[Justin leaves.]

[Emmett's with Debbie at the cemetery. It has snowing. The snow hide Vic's headstone. Deb wipe off.]

Debbie: Well, Vic, it's not quite the headstone I'd originally intended.

Emmett: But as you may have heard, Michaelangelo's not taking any more commissions.

Debbie: But it's solid. It' s hard, smooth - Come to think of it, that's a lot of the attributes you liked in a man!

[Em's cell rings.]

Emmett: Uh, whoever use a cell phone with vibration it shakes you out. Excuse me.

Debbie: Yeah, don't worry, honey. We aren't in a hurry.

[Emmett leaves.]

Debbie: So, I planned flowers. And Vic, I just want to say whereever you are... of course I know where you are. You're in heaven, where the hell are you else? That, uh that take disput and yell beside, I love you. Always. You know that baby, aren't you?

[Emmett speaks at the cell phone.]

Emmett: Arested?

Debbie: [to Vic's grave] And I hope you forgave me for that I did.

Emmett: [to cell phone] What did you do? DUI?! How the hell we are go to the party tonight?

Debbie: [to Vic's grave] And that's all because this silly party.

Emmett: [to cell phone] No, I cannot recomment a attorney. I left you in those shaft.

Debbie: [to Vic's grave] Rest in peace, little brother.

Emmett: [to cell phone] Brathe in hell, you little f*ck! [he hangs up. he comes back] Oh, well, well Vic, why you have to die?

Debbie: I know honey. We know he's in a better place.

[At the diner, Lindsay, Mel and Michael coo over Mel's sonogram.]

Lindsay: It's a warm and wonderful place, filled with love and possibilities.

Mel: You'll have to forgive my wife. She tends to wax poetic in direct proportion to the size of my tummy.

Lindsay: Oh, c'mon. You've done your fair share of waxing yourself.

Mel: I've never once waxed. And even if I did, our paltry expressions would pale in comparison to Michael's rhapsodizing.

Michael: sh*t. Will you check out the d*ck on this kid?!

Mel: Or not.

Lindsay: That's the umbilical cord.

Mel: And besides, you can't tell from this whether it's a boy or a girl. Although something tells me a princess is on the way.

Michael: Well, it's OK with me if he's g*y.

Lindsay: I gotta run. We're installing the Auerbach show.

Michael: Don't forget Lamaze.

Lindsay: Do you think we could move it?

Michael: Hey, why don't I go?

Lindsay: You?

Michael: Is it a class for l*sbian mothers? I won't shave my legs! No one will notice.

Lindsay: No, of course not.

Michael: Good. Then it'll serve as a general reminder that until someone comes up with a better plan, you still need a man for some things.

[Justin walks by.]

Michael: Hey, where have you been? I need those panels so I can come up with some dialogue for the evil a**l prober.

Justin: How about up your a*s?

[He walks out.]

Michael: Sounds about right.

Michael: Hey. Hey! (He actually sounds pissed.) What's up with you?

Justin: What do you think? You told him that we knew, didn't you?

Michael: Look, I - I didn't mean to. It just -

Justin: What? Slipped out? "We know you have cancer"? That is the f*cking lamest excuse I've ever heard. You're the one who said that we should be strong and honor his wishes.

Michael: I'm sorry!

Jutsin: Do you have any idea how hard that's been? Why are you sorry? Did he kick you out? Did he say he never wanted to see you again? Well, if that's the way he wants it, I'll be glad to honor those wishes, too!

[He leaves Michael standing there, dumbfounded.]

[At the library, Ben is approached by a former student, Anthony Flynn.]

Anthony: Professor Bruckner.

Ben: That's me.

Anthony: You should remember me. It was in your summer class last year.

Ben: So many students in so many class.

Anthony: Anthony Flynn.

Ben: I hope you enjoyed it.

Anthony: It was great. In fact I leave and brought your book.

Ben: Oh, did you read it?

Anthony: A few times, actually. I loved it. So well-written. I agree with the critics at the back.

Ben: Oh, only a few copies saled.

Anthony: I hope we can talked sometimes about it. You see, I'm a writer to.

Ben: I would like that, Anthony but it's my policy not to fraternize with my students.

Anthony: Even formerly ones? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to put you in an awkward position.

Ben: No, it's okay.

Anthony: It's just that your book really spoke to me. As a g*y man, I mean. By the time I'd finished it, I felt I'd discovered things about myself I'd never known.

Ben: Thank you.

[He starts to leave, but then he turnes back.]

Ben: Flynn. You used to sit about halfway back. Way over on the right by the window with the fire escape.

Anthony: That's me!

[Debbie and Emmett, at home. Emmett calls and order the menu. Debbie sit at the table and reads "The October Detective".]

Emmett: Uh, huh. No, sure. I understand. [he hangs up] So, that was the last possibility.

Debbie: I know your business is f*cked. But never fear, the help is here.

Emmett: Where?

Debbie: You're looking at it. I can shift my shift tonight and give you a hand.

Emmett: Oh, thanks, but I need more than a hand. I need an entire body. Prefferly it belong to a shop.

Debbie: What's the matter with my cooking?

Emmett: Don't take that the wrong way, but not everything covered in marinara sauce.

Debbie: Fine!

Emmett: "The October Detective"

Debbie: Mmmh, is one of those series.

Emmett: Of twelve?

Debbie: How did you guess?

Emmett: Well, come some clue, come some quick. For instance I have never-known to read Detective novels.

Debbie: So?

Emmett: So I would use my power of deduction that it has something to do with one Lieutnent Horvath.

Debbie: Sorry, Sherlock. Carl came here strictly as a friend and there's nothing between us.

Emmett: The look in his eyes said otherwise.

Debbie: What do you know about the look in a man's - never mind, I take it back.

Emmett: Stop living in a book and start living your life. God, those milch is fabelous. Perhaps I underestimate your skills.

Debbie: My cholocate sauce is covered by marinara sauce. What is with this sweet kid, Darren? The one that get bashed? I send him food from the diner and now he sends my goodies back. Like a thank you and he does it all by himself. I tell you, he can dance, he can cook. He is a knock out in a dress.

[Emmett hears and rushes out the door.]

Debbie: Em? Em?! Where the f*ck he'd go?

[When Ted finds Brian slumped on the office sofa, he tries to do a little twelve-stepping.]

Ted: Brian? Brian? Jesus Christ, what's wrong?

Brian: Nothing. I'm fine. Why do you ask?

Ted: Well, for one thing, you look like sh*t.

Brian: Thank you.

Ted: This is the second time this has happened.

Brian: f*cking accountants. They have to keep a record of everything.

[Hee! I love that line.]

Ted: I just want you to know that you can trust me. As a friend and as someone who has been through it all. I mean there is nothing I haven't seen or done, which is why I don't presume to judge anyone, but there's one thing I know. The first and hardest step you'll ever have to take is admitting you have a problem. Once you've done that, you're on the road to recovery.

Brian: It's the Big C, Ted.

Ted: Cocaine?

Brian: It's bigger.

Ted: Crystal?

Brian: Bigger.

Ted: Caffeine?

Brian: It's cancer, Theodore!

Ted: C-c-c-

Brian: But relax. They got it. I'm having radiation. It started this morning. Excuse me.

[He goes into the bathroom and hurls. While he's gone, Ted pours him a glass of water.]

Ted: I can't tell you how relieved I am. [Brian gives him a look] I mean, that you're gonna be alright.

Brian: Thank you.

[He lies down on the couch.]

Ted: Is there anything I can do?

Brian: As a matter of fact, you can do three things. First, keep your big mouth shut. Or you're fired.

Ted: Sealing, sealing (zips lips). The second?

Brian: I want you to cover for me this afternoon with Dandy Lube.

Ted: Cover for you?

Brian: Make the presentation.

Ted: But - I -

Brian: Look, if you could pretend that you were Pavarotti at that pathetic pasta palace, you can do this.

Ted: What's the third?

Brian: Call me a cab. I'm going home.

[In the cafeteria with Anthony an Ben.]

Anthony: The part where all your friends were turning positive? But you still hadn't been infected.

Ben: I remember feeling terrified that I'd be next. But at the same time feeling like I just wanted to get it over with.

Anthony: Then when you converted, it put you in a whole different place!

Ben: Spiritually, emotionally, politically.

Anthony: I have to tell you, it was very moving.

Ben: Anthony, may I ask you a personal question?

Anthony: I feel like I already know so much about you, it's only fair.

Ben: Are you positive?

Anthony: No. But your book still spoke to me. And isn't that the measure of any great book? That it speaks to everyone?

Ben: I don't know about that. About it being a great book. But thanks.

Anthony: So, the question is, when's the next one coming out?

Ben: That is the question. Just finished a novel about two men. It's set in Paris in the 30's.

Anthony: Sounds great!

Ben: There are a couple dozen publishers who don't agree with you. They all turned it down.

Anthony: Well, I'd love to read it. If you'd let me.

Ben: I don't know.

Anthony: Hey. I'm an English lit major, a budding young writer and I work in a library. Oh - and I got an A in your course. That should qualify me to know a little something about good writing.

Ben: At the risk of losing a fan -

[He hands Anthony the manuscript.]

Anthony: Or gaining an even bigger one.

[Emmett's search for a chef. Emmett visits Darren, who is rehearsing at Woody's. When he finishes singing, Emmett does the Ret*rded seal clap.]

Emmett: Bravo. Uh, I mean brava! I'm Emmett Honeycut. I live with Debbie Novotny. We met in the so-what-Christmas party.

Darren: Right.

Emmett: You were fabulous. I just love the clothes, the gauntlet,... the chocolate muse.

Darren: Excuse me?

Emmett: I'm a party planer. Debbie's brother, Vic, was my chef before he passed away. He's gone now but our business isn't. Who ever someone knows the show must go on, it's you. So...

Darren: You want Chanda Leer to performing at a party?

Emmett: No, I want Darren to cook for a party.

Darren: But I... I aren't a chef.

Emmett: Well, you do a fabulous imagination of that, too. I mean those delicate sauce you can send them over to a five star hotel.

Darren: I would love to help you out, but Chanda is making a comeback... God, I hate that word. It's a return, there is no time.

Emmett: Well, I can't help drying. Good luck, oh, break a leg.

[He turns the music on... and stumble over his feed and falls.]

Darren: Damn!

Emmett: I don't mean that way.

Darren: Look at this. [his shoes are broken] Do you know how much this black pumps have cost? Not to mention the new gauntlet, and the hair. Shanda maybe a star but she's going drive me into the poor house.

Emmett: Honey, let's review. You need the money and I need someone so service my guest with food.

[Darren agrees to be Emmett's chef.]
[Michael's comic book. Hunter comes in.]

Hunter: Mail's here.

Michael: Since when I get a special delivery?

Hunter: Since this arrive from this place in Hollywood.

Michael: It's from Brett.

Hunter: You mean Mr.Keller? Stop starring and open the g*dd*mn letter already!

[He does so.]

Hunter: Well?

Michael: There are two checks. One made out for Justin and one made out for me about $10,000!

[They wild whooping and cheering ensues.]

Hunter: Oh my god! We're rich!

Michael: Not quite.

Hunter: But we will be!

Michael: Just imagine, Rage on the silver screen, big budget special effects -

Hunter: Millions in fast-food merchandising tie-ins!

Michael: Tom Cruise pumping away in hot superhero mansex.

Hunter: Careful, he'll sue your a*s.

Michael: Can't sue someone for dreaming.

Hunter: Speaking of dreams - this came too. It's from Green Point Press.

Michael: Well, you can't open someone else's mail. It's a federal offense.

Hunter: I can see it now. I'm on death row awaiting a lethal injection. This mass m*rder*r who k*lled 48 babies and ate them asks me what I'm being ex*cuted for? I say, "Opening Ben's letter!"

Michael: Still, it's not ethical.

Hunter: Ethical, shmethical. Oops! Too late! Should I seal it back up?

Michael: I suppose since it's already opened...

Hunter: That's what I like, a man with values.

Michael: Well?

Hunter: They think it sucks!

Michael: sh*t! Ben's gonna be so upset!

Hunter: Not if he never gets it.

[That's too much, even for Michael. He takes the letter from Hunter and pockets it.]

[Deb pays a visit to Horvath at the station.]

Debbie: May I interrupting?

Carl: I was just about to devour my sandwich.

Debbie: In my neighborhood, that's three guys f*cking.

Carl: C'mon in. Have a seat. How you doing?

Debbie: Better. Thanks in no small part to you.

Carl: Glad to hear it.

Debbie: I'm - uh - I'm sorry you're finishing lunch cause I was gonna take you up on your offer. You know, step out, have a bite. But I have to warn you, Carl, I haven't changed much. I've still got that big mouth and I still speak my mind and I'm still as stubborn as a prom week pimple. But if that's still OK with you, then how about dinner?

Carl: Debbie -

Debbie: I've been having these dreams about lobster lately. I'm adrift on this sea of melted butter and -

Carl: Debbie.

Debbie: What?

Carl: I've been seeing someone.

[Deb's face falls, but she makes a pretty good recovery.]

Debbie: Oh!

Carl: For a couple of months now. Her name's Katherine.

Debbie: (brightly) That's good news!

Carl: See - when I asked you if you wanted to get a bite, it was as friends. I hope I didn't give you the wrong -

Debbie: Oh, no, no, not at all! Katherine. I had an aunt named Katherine! She was a great lady. She

was named after Katherine Hepburn, another great lady. Well, I'm very happy for you, Carl. I truly am.

[Ted makes the Dandy Lube presentation, in classic Kinney style - only not.]

Ted: The difference between our lube and their lube is that our lube says "sex."

[He tries to throw the apple like Brian while his presentation. But his apple falls on the ground.]

Ted: If you wanna be cool, if you wanna be popular, if you wanna get laid, this is the lube you use. On your car, I mean.

Mr. DeCarlo: I fail to see how getting an oil change or having your tires rotated can improve your sex life.

Ted: Well, see - that's where you're wrong.

Mr. DeCarlo: I'm WRONG?

Ted: Not - not wrong. I mean, just - not right.

Cynthia: What he means is that with a sexier, more playful new image, you can expand Dandy lube's share of the market.

Ted: Yeah, yeah - that's it. What she said.

Mr. DeCarlo: By suggesting we have half-naked muscle boys offering lube jobs at a clothing-optional garage?

Cynthia: By appealing to women and g*y men.

Doug: It's an interesting point, Dad. Gays are an important demographic these days.

Mr. DeCarlo: Well, we're meeting with Vanguard this afternoon. I'm sure they'll have a more straightforward approach.

[He gets up to leave.]

Mr. DeCarlo: Coming, Doug?

Doug: [to Cynthia] Can you direct me to the men's room?

Cynthia: It's down the hall to your left.

[Doug goes and throws Ted with a look.]

Cynthia: That'd be your cue!

Ted: My cue?

Cynthia: To nail the account!

Ted: Oh, no. I couldn't, I mean- well, what makes you think that he - suppose he's not -

Cynthia: It never stopped Brian! (She gives him a little shove.) Make him proud.

[Ted heads to the men's room.]

Doug: Your presentation was very - interesting.

Ted: Your father didn't seem to think so.

Doug: Dad just hears the initial pitches and then it's up to me to follow through. So, do you have anything else you'd like to show me?

[Ted takes a deep breath.]

Ted: Yeah. This.

[He grabs Doug and drags him into the stall. Not quite Brian Kinney, but close enough.]

[At the gallery, Lindsay is setting up Sam's show]

Lindsay: Perfect timing. They brought the frames. Don't you like it?

Sam: I already know what my stuff looks like. I'm far more interested in seeing stuff that isn't mine.

[He starts poking around. He picks up a painting that's still wrapped.]

Lindsay: Oh, that's nothing! Just a minor piece by an unknown artist.

Sam: (reading the label) Peterson! It's a figure study.

Lindsay: Sam, Sam, wait! I'm not sure you're gonna like it. I'm not even sure if I like it.

Sam: Then why'd you have it framed?

Lindsay: Good question.

Sam: Is something wrong?

Lindsay: No, nothing! Why do you ask?

Sam: You're hyperventilating. You'd better sit down. I wouldn't want you to do something girly - like faint.

Lindsay: Easy for you to say. Sam Auerbach isn't about to evaluate your work.

Sam: Holy sh*t!

[She jumps up from the chair.]

Lindsay: I knew you wouldn't like it.

Sam: Would you sit down and shut up? (He looks it over.) You flatter me, my dear. By at least a couple

inches.

Lindsay: What about the rest of you?

Sam: It doesn't look like me.

Lindsay: That's what Gertrude Stein said to Picasso about her portrait. You know what he said? "It will."

Sam: It's good. It's really good. If it weren't me, I'd be jealous.

Lindsay: You were the inspiration.

Sam: You know, if you weren't a f*cking d*ke, I'd ask you to marry me.

Lindsay: Oh, is that how it works? You propose to any woman who flatters you?

Sam: Generally speaking and with disastrous results.

Lindsay: Well, if I weren't already married, I must just accept.

[Let's hurry over to the loft where Michael is pounding on Brian's door.]

Michael: Brian! Brian!

[Finally Brian answers. He looks like sh*t.]

Michael: Jesus, what happened to you?

Brian: Chernobyl.

Michael: Christ! You should be in bed.

Brian: Well, I was. Someone kept knock-knock-knocking at my f*cking door.

[He takes off his coat and goes into the kitchen.]

Brian: What are you doing?

Michael: I'm making you some chicken soup. [Opens the fridge] There's nothing in here but beer and poppers.

Brian: All the essentials.

Michael: Well, you're gonna have to stock up on groceries.

[He grabs pen and paper to make a shopping list.]

Brian: Michael -

Michael: As long as I'm here, I can do your laundry -

Brian: (yelling) Michael!

[That finally gets Mikey's attention.]

Brian: This is exactly why I didn't want anyone to know. It's why I told everyone I went to Ibiza, in the hopes that I wouldn't be treated like an invalid or a victim or like I was gonna die. Now would you get out of here!

[He yells the last part and knocks something on the floor for emphasis. Then he st*lks back to the bedroom, crawls into bed and puts his head under the pillow. Michael follows him and pulls off the pillow.]

Brian: What don't you understand about "f*ck off"?

Michael: You think you can kick me out of here the way you did Justin? And for what? Trying not to let on that he knew? Because that's the way you wanted it? He deserves to know. He's your lover, your partner, whether you want to admit it or not, and sick or not, that's a f*cking shitty way to treat him!

Brian: I was only trying to make it easier.

Michael: By never seeing him again?

Brian: He would have left sooner or later anyway. Might as well be sooner.

Michael: What are you talking -

Brian: (explodes) Would you just go home, Michael? Go home to your wife and your kid!

[Emmett's catering job is an engagement party at the large, expensive home of a pro football player.]

Drew: Have I told you how much I love you?

Woman: Not for at least any minutes.

Drew: Then I better remind you. [he kisses her.]

[Emmet goes to the kitchen where Darren cooks.]

Emmett: What a great party. All those sunday afternoon football games jocks.

Woman: [comes in] Hurry, time for ennouncement.

Emmett: Here we go.

[They serve the champagner bar.]

Woman: [in the living room] Can we have attention everyone? We have an announcement to make.

Drew: As you all knows there is only one person who's better kicking ba*ls than I am - that's Shila.

[all laughs.]

Drew: So after threw kick mind over the Golden Bridge I finally agree to marry her.

Shila: We're engaged.

[all applauds. They kisses each other. The other football guys are going to Drew. They are talking in hearing distance to Emmett.]

Guy#1: Hey Drew, where you get those caters?

Drew: Look like a couple of flamers to me.

[All laughs. Emmett look to him.]

Emmett: Excuse me, Mr. Boyd? [they go to the edge.] I know this isn't the place to saying this. Back in Hazelhurst, Mississippi, where I grew up, I was always taught that when a real man has something to say about someone, he says it to his face, not behind his back. So even though you may be a star, captain of the team, hero to millions, you still have a lot to learn about being a man.

[He walks off looking pleased with himself.]

[When Ben gets home, he finds the rejection letter from Greenpoint Press.]

Ben: It looks like someone's opened it.

Hunter: It must have been one of the neighbors. They're always snooping.

Ben: They rejected it.

Hunter: We know! I mean, that totally sucks!

Michael: I'm sorry, Ben.

Ben: Well, I guess that's that.

Michael: Didn't some famous writer, like Ernest Hemingway or Stephen King, send their book to 24 publishers before someone finally accepted it?

Ben: This is the 25th.

Michael: Still, you're a wonderful writer with millions of stories inside of you. That's why I got you something to help you tell them.

[He gets out a box.]

Ben: What's that?

Hunter: It's called a computer.

Michael: You said you needed a new one.

Ben: I didn't realize you could afford something this extravagant.

Hunter: It was me. I paid for it. I've been moonlighting -

Michael: I got a check today from - Hollywood.

Ben: So you read my mail, figured you'd better do something to cheer me up and went out and bought me a computer?

Michael: That's pretty much the plot in a nutshell.

Ben: Well, I don't want your consolation prize or your pity.

[He leaves in a huff.]

Hunter: So, this is mean I get the computer?

[Ben's writing in a notebook, at his table is the new computer.]

Michael: Writing?

Ben: Preparing a lecture.

Michael: How about I order a pizza?

Ben: Not hungry.

Michael: How about you handcuff me to the bed -

Ben: Michael. Can't you see I'm working?

Michael: Yes, now that you mention it, I can. I can also see the new computer I got you sitting alone, ignored, like some geeky guy at the prom.

Ben: Jesus!

Michael: Look - I know what you've been going through. Believe it or not, I've had more than my fair share of rejections. Like by practically every club, every college, every job I ever went up for.

Ben: But you're being accepted now, that's all that counts.

Michael: But I just don't want you to blame me or make me feel like it's my fault.

Ben: I'm sorry I did that. I have no one to credit for my failure but myself. Which is why I've decided to reevaluate my goals, refocus my energy and stop writing. At least for awhile. I feel I should start concentrating my efforts on what I do best, which is to teach. It's where my skills are. It's where my life is leading me.

Michael: Ben -

Ben: Oh, I forgot. I've got to go to my office.

Michael: Now?

Ben: I left some reference books I need for my lecture and a pile of term papers.

Michael: When will you be back?

Ben: Don't know. I'm sure you can return it and get your money back.

[He kisses Michael on the cheek and leaves.]

[Emmett drops by the football player's house to pick up his check and his equipment.]

Emmett: Is Sierra here?

Drew: She's up with her girlfriends.

Emmett: Oh, well I came by to get the check and get my equipment.

Drew: Yeah, she left your check. C'mon in.

[At the living room Drew give him the check. A Sunday Night Football Games are playing at the TV.]

Drew: Here you go.

Emmett: Thanks. I get my equipment.

Drew: How about a beer? I'm not supposed to be drinking, but I'm in pretty good shape. Wouldn't you say?

[He lifts up his shirt.]

Emmett: I'd say one beer's not gonna ruin that six-pack.

Drew: (gesturing at game playing on TV) That was last week's game. Coach makes us watch ourselves.

Emmett: Which one are you?

Drew: Number 7.

Emmett: Very - graceful. In a rugged, manly way! You know, there's something I've always wanted to ask. Why the tight pants?

Drew: So there's nothing to grab onto if you're tackled.

Emmett: Why are you always patting each other's asses?

Drew: Just friendly encouragement.

Emmett: You know, I don't see much difference in how you play your game on Sunday afternoons and how I play my game on Saturday nights.

Drew: Here. (Tosses a football) Catch.

Emmett: (catches it) Omigod! Did you see that? I never caught a ball in my life!

[Drew tackles Emmett and they both wind up on the floor.]

Drew: You okay?

Emmett: This also isn't much different than my Saturday nights. You have a very nice body.

Drew: You think so?

Emmett: Strong, hard.

Drew: Feel my bicep. Go on. (Emmett feels it.) Now feel this. (He leads Emmett hand to his crotch).

Emmett: What about Sierra?

Drew: She thinks I have a nice body, too.

[He rolls Emmett over and pulls his pants down.]

[Ben is working in his office when he has an unexpected visitor. It's Anthony.]

Anthony: I was working late and figured you might be, too. So I took a chance and stopped by.

Ben: Well, you figured right. Except as you can see, I'm a little busy doing research for this lecture.

Anthony: I won't keep you. I just wanted to tell you I read your book.

Ben: Already? That was fast!

Anthony: It's like I missed the last 36 hours. I was so enthralled, I couldn't put it down.

Ben: That's a first. Most people could barely pick it up.

Anthony: What the f*ck do they know?

Ben: I'd like to think not much.

Anthony: Exactly.

Ben: Thank you, Anthony.

Anthony: No, thank you. For entrusting me with it. When you have a spare moment, maybe we can go for coffee again. Discuss it.

Ben: Great.

[Anthony turns to go.]

Ben: Anthony - actually, I have a moment now.

[At the office, Brian drinks ginger ale and valiantly tries not to barf.]

Ted: Bri? Dandy Lube just called. We got 'em.

Brian: Way to go, Theodore. I told you you could do it.

Ted: It was a little dicey at first, but I managed to convince 'em.

Brian: How'd you do that?

Ted: Just thought to myself, "What would Brian Kinney do?" After that, it was a snap. You don't look so hot. Why don't you let me mind the shop and go home?

[No argument from Brian. He leaves. When he gets back home, Justin is there.]

Brian: I thought I told you to get out.

Justin: I guess I didn't hear. You tend to mumble a lot.

[Brian slams his briefcase down on the counter.]

Justin: You want some soup? It's Debbie's homemade recipe.

Brian: No wonder I feel like barfing. Listen to me, you little sh*t. I don't want you here.

Justin: I don't care what you want.

[Brian grabs him by the arm, but he's too weak to throw Justin out again.]

Justin: You're not getting rid of me!

[They struggle briefly. Brian ends up on the floor.]

Justin: sh*t, are you alright? Tell me you're alright!

Brian: (shoves Justin away) I'm alright!

Justin: You're not alright.

Brian: (yells) Then what the hell are you asking me for?

Justin: So that I can tell you what a m*therf*cking piece of sh*t you are for not telling me! For shutting me out. For thinking that you could handle this on your own. And most of all, for thinking that I would leave you. Why would you think that? Cause you had a ball removed? Because you're no longer perfect? Well, believe me, Mr. Kinney, that is the least of your imperfections. And if I'd wanted to leave you, I've had better reasons. Plenty of 'em.

Brian: Maybe you should have.

Justin: Yeah, maybe you're right. But I thought we had a commitment. And I plan to stand by it. Now why don't you get your a*s back in bed, you son-of-a-b*tch! And eat some f*cking chicken soup!

[The fight drains out of Brian. Slowly and painfully, he walks into the bedroom and lies down. Justin follows with the bowl of soup, sitting on the side of the bed. Fade to black.]

END OF EPISODE

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